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Junior Recital: Taylor Eike, soprano

Taylor Eike

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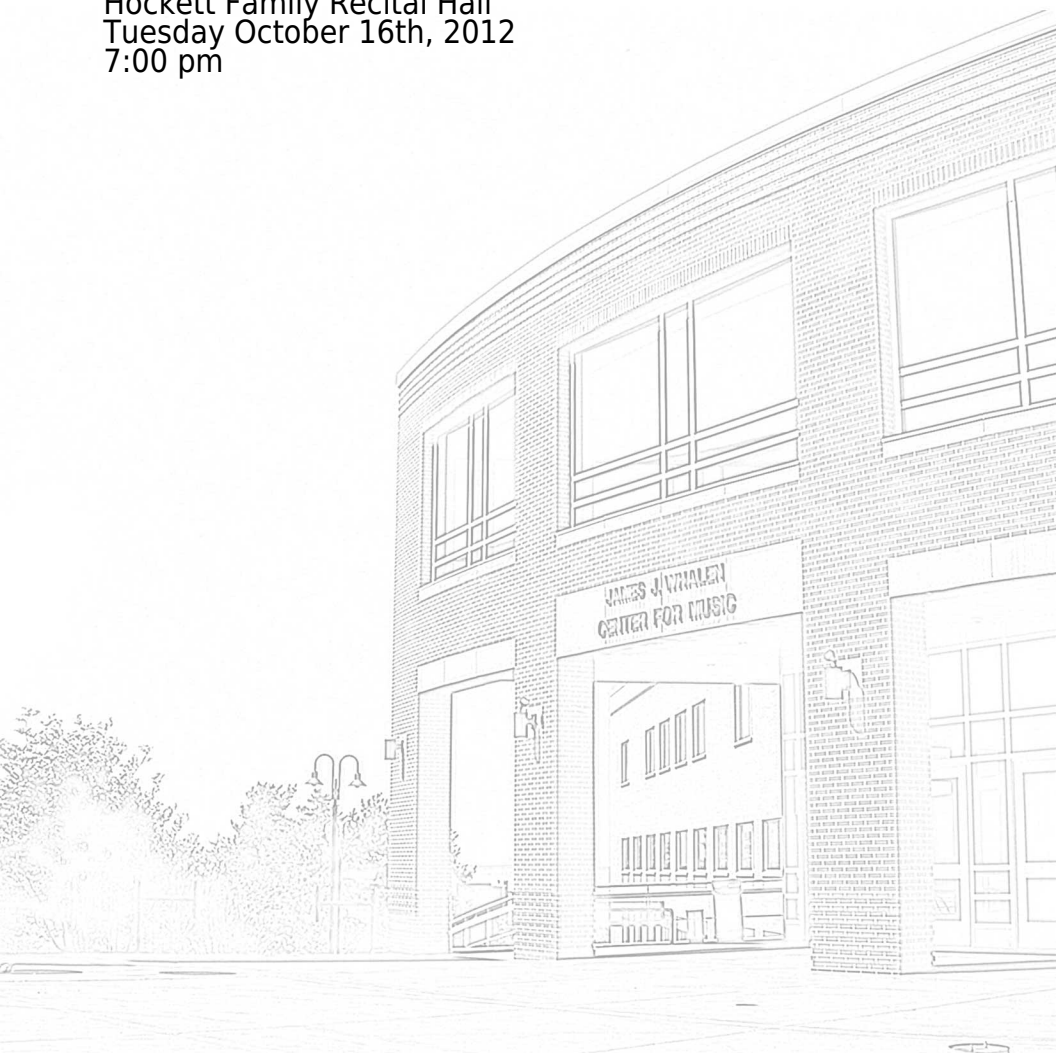
Junior Recital:

Taylor Eike, soprano

Judy Park, piano

Jenna Fishback, mezzo-soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Tuesday October 16th, 2012
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

O del mio dolce ardor	Christopher Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)
Caro mio ben	Giuseppe Giordani (1744-1798)
Non posso disperar	Giovanni Battista Bononcini (1670-1747)

Verborgenheit Zitronenfalter im April Er ist's	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
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Batti, batti, o bel Masetto from <i>Don Giovanni</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
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Intermission

Reve d'amour Après un rêve Tarantelle	Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)
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I Hate Music! I. My Name is Barbara II. Jupiter III. I Hate Music IV. A Big Indian and a Little Indian V. I'm a Person Too	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
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Translations

O del mio dolce ardor

O del mio dolce ardor bramato
oggetto!
L'aura che tu respiri alfin
respiro.
Ovunque il guardo io giro
le gue vaghe sembianze Amore
in me dipinge.
Il mio pensier si finge le piu liete
speranze,
E nel desio che cosi m'empie il
petto.
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e
sospiro!

Caro mio ben

Caro mio ben, credimi almen,
Senza di te languisce il cor.
Il tuo fedel sospira ognor.
Cessa, crudel, tanto rigor!

Non posso disperar

Non posso disperar!
Sei troppo cara al cor.
Il solo sperare d'aver a gioire

M'e un dolce languire
m'e un caro dolor.

You, my sweet desire

You are the object of my desire!

The air that you breathe, finally
I breathe.
Everywhere I turn my gaze
Love paints your face.

In my mind I have happy hopes,

and desire fills my heart.

I look for you, I call to you, I
hope and I sigh!

My Dearest Love

My dearest love, Believe me
at least,
without you, my heart
languishes.
Your faithful one sighs always.
Cease this torture, cruel one!

I cannot despair

I can not despair!
you are too dear to my heart.
the only hope for me of having
happiness
for me is sweet languish
for me is a dear pain.

Verborgenheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!
Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zucket
Durch die Schwere, die mich
Drucket,
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Zitronenfalter im April

Grausame Frühlingssonne,
du weckst mich vor der Zeit,

dem nur in Maienvonne
die zarte Kost gedeiht!
Ist nicht ein liebes Mädchen hier,
das auf der Rosenlippe mir
ein Tropfchen Honig bout,
so muss ich jammerlich vergehn
und wird der Mai mich nimmer
sehen
in meinem gelben Kleid.

Er ist's

Frühling lasst sein blaues
Band wieder flattern durch
die Luft;
Susse, wohlbehannte Dufte
streifen ahnungsvoll das
Land.
Veilchen träumen schon, wollen
balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser
Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab' ich vernommen!

Seclusion

Leave me be, world
Do not tempt me with love.
Leave this heart alone to have
its joy, its pain.
I do not know why I grieve,
it is an unknown pain;
At all times I look through tears
at the sun's lovely light.
Often, when I least expect it,
bright joy flashes
through the difficulties that I
oppress
blissfully in my heart.

Butterfly in April

Cruel spring sun,
you have awakened me before
my time,
when only in May,
does delicious food flourish!
If there is not a dear girl here,
who will upon her rosey lips
offer me a drop of honey,
then I will perish miserably
and May will never see me

in my yellow dress.

It is he

Spring lets its blue ribbon
again flutter in the
breeze;
sweet, well known scents sweep
the land
Violets are dreaming, wanting
to soon arrive
Listen, from far off a soft harp
tone!
Spring, yes, it's you!
I have heard you coming!

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto

Batti, batti o bel Masetto, la tua
povera Zerlina;

staro qui, come agnellina le tue
botte ad aspettar.

Laschiero straziarmi il crine,
saschiero cavarmi gliocchi
e le care tue manine lieta poi
sapro bachiare.

Ah, lo vedo, non hai core!

Pace, pace o vita mia, en
contento ed allegria
notte e di vogliam passar.

Reve d'amour

S'il est un charmant gazon que
le ciel arrose,

Ou naisse en toute saison
quelque fleur eclose,

Ou l'on cueille a pleine main
Lys, chevre-feuille et jasmin,

J'en veax faire le chemin ou ton
pied se pose!

S'il est un sien bien aimant,
dont l'honneur dispose,

Dont le tendre devouement n'ait
rien de morose,

Si toujours ce mobile sein bat
pour un digne dessein,

J'en veux faire le coussin ou ton
front se pose!

S'il est un reve d'amour
parfume de rose,

ou l'on trouve chaque jour
quelque douce chose,

un reve que Dieu benit, ou
l'ame a l'ame s'unit,

Oh! j'en veau faire le nid ou ton
coeur se pose!

Beat, beat, o dear Masetto

Beat, beat, o dear masetto, your
poor Zerlina

I will stay here as a little lamb
awaiting your blows

You can tear my hear out,
you can carve out my eyes,
and then I will still kiss your
dear hands.

Ah! I see, you do not have the
heart!

Peace, peace oh life of mine in
happiness and joy
day and night we will spend.

Dream of Love

If there is a charming grass that
the sky waters

where is born each season a
blossoming flower,

where one can gather lilies,
honeysuckles and jasmine,

I would like to make a path
where your foot might walk!

If there is a loving heart, where
honor resides,

where tender devotion is never
morose

if this heart always beats for a
worthy cause,

I would make a pillow where
you can rest your head!

If there is a dream of love
scented with roses,

where each day one finds a
sweet thing,

a dream blessed by god, where
two sould are united,

I would make a nest where you
can rest your heart!

Les Berceaux

Le long du quai, les grands
vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux
berceaux,
Que la main des femmes
balance.
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,

Car il faut que les femme
pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux,
tentent les horizons qui
leurrent!
Et ce jour-là le grands
vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'ame des lointains
berceaux.

The Cradles

The length of the pier, the great
ships,
Which swell in the silence,
do not take notice of the
cradles,
That the hand of the women
rock.
But the day of farewells will
come,
For it is necessary that the
women cry
And the curious men
Attempt the horizons that entice
them!
And that day the great ships

Leaving the port which recedes
Feel their bulk held back
By the soul of the distant
cradles.

Tarentelle

Aux cieus la lune monte et luit.

Il fait grand jour en plein minuit.

Viens avec moi, me disait-elle
Viens sur le sable gresillant
Ou saute et glisse et fretillant

La tarentelle...

Sus, les danseurs! En voici
deux;

Foule sur l'eau, foule autour
d'eaux;

L'homme est bien fait, la fille
est belle;

Mais garde à vous! Sans y
penser,

C'est jeu d'amour que de danser

La tarentelle...

Doux est le bruit du tambourin!

si j'étais fille de marin

Et toi pêcheur, me disait-elle

Toutes les nuits joyeusement
Nous danserions en nous
aimant

La tarantelle...

Tarantella

In the heavens the moon rises
and shines.

It makes broad in the middle of
night.

Come with me, she said,
Come on the sizzling sand
where, wriggling in jumps and
glides,

we will dance the tarantella

Come on, Dancers! There are
two;

a croud on the water, a croud
around them;

the man is handsome, the girl is
beautiful;

But take care! without thinking
about it,

the game of love is being
danced

the tarantella...

Sweet is the sound of the
tambourine!

"If I were the daughter of the
sea

and you a fisher," she said to
me

"Joyously every night
we would love each other while
dancing

the tarantella..."

Upcoming Events

October

- 22** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 25** - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensemble
- 28** - Hockett - 5:00pm - Jaekook Kim, tenor
- 29** - Nabenhauer - 8:15pm - Octubafest Solo Recital
- 30** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Brass
- 31** - JJWCM - 6:00pm - Healthy Living For Musicians
- 31** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Tuba Ensemble

November

- 2** - Ford - 8:15pm - **Family Weekend:** Concert Band and Jazz Vocal Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 3** - Ford - 4:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Symphonic Band and Jazz Ensemble (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 4** - Ford - 1:00pm - **Family Weekend:** Choral Concert (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 5** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase (*Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live*)
- 7** - Hockett - 6:00pm - "On the Edge" Masterclass with Jean Kopperud
- 8** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano masterclass
- 9** - Hockett - 3:00pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano pedagogy lecture
- 10** - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival
- 11** - Hockett - 4:00pm - Susan Waterbury, violin Charis Dimaras, piano
- 11** - Ford - 7:00pm - Taylor Braggins, soprano
- 12** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 13** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Choir
- 13** - Iger - 8:15pm - David Rakowski, Husa Visiting Professor, lecture
- 14** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble